

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

New Community Standards

The perplexing problems that confront society in the present formative period following the change in economic and business standards are discussed today by Kate Waller Barrett in her series of articles written exclusively for The Washington Times.

She cites, as some of the causes which have brought about the present lack of standards, the exodus of women from the home into business; commercialized amusements; changes in social life; decadence of home life; failure to distinguish between engagement and marriage; prevalence of smug respectability, and the failure of men and women to realize their responsibilities to each other.

She urges a new adjustment of social machinery; strict regulation of places of amusement; rational education of the child, and a sterner sense of one's own responsibilities.

By KATE WALLER BARRETT.

Changes have come so rapidly in the material world that the social usages have not yet adjusted themselves, consequently there is a lack of standards for the guidance of the social life of both boys and girls. Older people learn by experience and from those correlated and interpreted experiences, recognized standards are evolved. It takes time to do this, and, unfortunately, we are now in the formative period when even older people of experience, who desire to throw their weight on the sides of the highest ideals of a community have to question themselves as to which is the side of right. This is felt in every movement of life—business, social, and economic.

The exodus of women from the home to the outside world is one of the most perplexing problems that we have to face. A few years ago one department of the United States Government opened its doors to women clerks. Madam Grundy held on her hands in horror, predicting all sorts of terrible things.

Today every department of the Government admits women, and, while possibly there are some of those who may have been better off if they had remained at home, it would indeed be a reactionary who would desire to exclude them. Everywhere you go, on cars, boats, street cars—women, women, women, most of them unattached, living alone in their furnished rooms or boarding houses, all striving to adjust themselves to a social machinery made without any regard to present conditions.

When this fact is realized, and the machinery of life is adjusted to suit the influx of women into the new fields, many of the evils which we now deplore will disappear.

Commercialized Amusements.

Commercialized amusements, next to commercialized vice, is one of the greatest dangers to the youth of the country. Strict supervision of all places of amusement is necessary. In return for the privilege of using the machinery of the municipality, such as police, protection, and means of transportation to further their ends, the public has the right to expect clean and constructive amusement, even if it is not as remunerative as the salacious and suggestive and emotional forms so common.

We have seen to it that manufacturers must give wholesome products to those who buy. Even if they desire to purchase unwholesome food, that fact has nothing to do with the attitude of the public. Why should it be considered in amusement?

"The people want this kind of stuff," is the poorest and most illogical excuse that was ever offered and would not be accepted for any other kind of exploitation. The city has the right to demand from amusement the same that it does in other lines of business.

Changes in Social Life.

The changes in our social life have been tremendous. In the last ten years, about five times as many have been drawn into the city as in the drawing-room and turned it into a living-room, with the ease, comfort and lack of restraint accompanying the living-room. The living-room disappeared to give place to the park, porch and out of door life. We even show signs of doing these things. Instead of the restraint of the home, much of the time, young people are spent on the street, in restaurants and in places of amusement. The most noted portion of any young couple's day is the front door.

Even the formal pleasures and recreations of the family are no longer at home, but in some public place. A friend comes to dinner, it is now more fashionable to take them to some hotel or restaurant rather than to have dinner served at home. We may say as much as we please about the decadence of home life, but it is the decadence it has come and whatever our preferences are, we must follow our children's lead and make conditions safe for them.

Engagement and Marriage.

The prevalence of the belief that engagement is the same as marriage is the cause of the undoing of many young women. If both our boys and girls were taught that self-denial is easier than repentance, a great deal of this unnecessary suffering would be done away with. If we were to teach our boys that when such things happen they should bear their just part of the responsibility, many of the first born would see the light of day in their own home rather than in lying-in hospitals, Florence Crittenton homes, and in houses of vice. Everything that leads to normal life among young people, with suitable regulations and amusements are preventative.

It is not by letting our children

know of the evil alone that they are safe. They must be in love with goodness, and, as their hearts become filled with high ideals and lofty purposes, they will lose the taste for that which is debasing. Only as their lives are filled with the things which make for constructive living will they be saved.

If a child is early taught to respect the rights of others, to honor his Creator and to fulfill his duty to his brother, then can we hope for the Superman.

Smug Respectability.

Until every girl feels sure her responsibility for every other girl and every other boy of her acquaintance, and until every boy feels he is the elder brother of every other boy and girl in the world, we will have much of that which is deplorable in life—the fruit of which will be wrecked manhood and outcast womanhood.

The sneer of respectability is often the cause of a girl's seeking associates among those with whom she feels at ease. Smug respectability, that fears to soil its garments with the contact of those whom they think are on a different plane, will have its full quota of blame to bear when, in the fire of a last analysis, the component elements are separated and we know the history of the human race in its essence.

It is easy for us to rail at those guilty of the sins of commission—the libertine, the courtier, the dissolute, the law-breaker. They stand out in bold relief on even the crudest canvas. It is only the master hand of God that will show smug respectability lurking in the shadows and hiding behind the figure of the innocent.

When compared to the sins of commission how more deadly and repellent are the sins of omission. The sins of omission are often the result of hot-headed, unrestrained impulse, committed in the heat of passion and the next moment repented of with blood and tears. How many they are, guilty of the sins of omission, the next moment would be willing to lay down their lives to be able to live over again the brief period, which already has been written in indelible letters, never to be obliterated.

Sins of Omission.

But the sins of omission—cold, calculated, selfish, indifferent, they stand like the icy current which separates the wanderer from the haven where he would be. To see one in a lifeboat with plenty of room, surrounded by those who are drowning and refusing to permit them to climb in, to see one safe on dry land, while at their feet, struggling in the water as a human being and who refuses to extend a helping hand—these are the types of the sins of omission which every day file the dens of iniquity, and bear their fruits in the struggling lives of thousands of girls trembling under the pressure, so many beckoning hands stretched out, so many gulfs at the foot of the precipice to tear their frail bodies asunder, and alas! no restraining hand of warning is placed on their shoulders.

When the causes of the sin as well as the suffering of the world is written, the sin of omission will loom up big in the foreground—while the sin of commission will seem puny as compared to it.

Straight From The Shoulder

Success Talk to Young Men.

Copyright 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. "MOTIVATION" without steam is dead, useless.

A young man without energy is like the steamless engine. Get the pressure—winning the indicator hand—hook up to the pin. There are wheels to turn if you would move ahead on the track of success. How much pressure do you need? Steam used tooting the whistle "just to hear it blow" is steam wasted—it's needed to work the pistons. Energy wasted in blowing about your ability is equally wasted. Save it for your success. Put it to work proving your ability.

You'll need lots of steam when you hit the upgrade. If you come to a place where you can "coast" store it up against the hard pull up the incline. Don't open the valve and let it blow away! Because the turning temporarily is easy. You're liable to strike a hill almost any time.

And it takes the stiff up-grades to test your pressure—to show up just how much energy you really have. The only young man who is afraid of the really hard work in this world of labor and reward is the young man who hasn't the energy to hustle. The others never get stalled on the track.

Well, what do YOU think about it? Are you going to be stalled for want of steam, or are you going to get up your pressure, yank open the throttle and roll into the terminal station, "on time"?

Lost Art of Love-Making Revived With Paprika By Lou-Tellegen--Romeo With Scorching Kisses



Helen Rowland Says His Brand Is One of the Three Varieties—He Is All Things to Woman, a Brute and an Angel, a Tyrant and a Baby—Selah!

LOU-Tellegen has set all feminine New York by the ears. He is the greatest matinee idol the world has ever known. Washingtonians will probably have a chance to see him later in the season, when he comes here in "Maria Rosa," but in default of actually seeing him, this description by Helen Rowland will give an adequate idea of his marvelous appeal to the woman.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

I have seen Venice—and I have seen Lou-Tellegen. Bring on the Hemlock! I have floated in a gondola on the Grand Canal under a full moon when the serenaders were playing and the violins and the mandolins tinkled. AND (with fingers crossed) I have touched Lou-Tellegen's brown-gold hair to see if it was real.

Shades of Romeo and Maurice Barrymore! That we should live to once again in these days of sticks, syringed Vienna operas, machine-made stars and machine-made heroes, an HEAVENLY love scene go home, who makes one's long-cherished memory of Maurice Barrymore's Armand Duval fade like a pale pink strawberry-ice beside a Turner sunset and causes one to call for the tankard at the mere thought of a Robert Chambers here.

There are just three brands of love-making—platonic, which is love without kisses; platonic, which is kisses without love; and the "Lou-Tellegen" variety, which is kisses WITH love—a brand which, like but-fair, we had begun to think was almost extinct.

How has Lou-Tellegen, in the brief run of "Maria Rosa," managed to revive the lost art of stage love-making? What is the secret quality, or art, or method, or trick, by which he has begun to think was almost extinct?

How has Lou-Tellegen, in the brief run of "Maria Rosa," managed to revive the lost art of stage love-making? What is the secret quality, or art, or method, or trick, by which he has begun to think was almost extinct?

There are just three "stunts" which Mr. Tellegen has worked out, consciously or unconsciously, until he has them down to needle-point fineness—right at the end of his artistic finger-tips.

Stunt number one is the "masterful," the "protective," the "I'll take care of you—little one" attitude, which no woman has been able to resist since the serpent spoke to Eve that way in the Garden of Eden. "My child," Mr. Tellegen says, "I am a voice of silver, which seems to caress the unhappy Maria Rosa like a soft hand—and the hypnotism begins working right there. When a man starts 'little woman,' 'little girl' and 'My child' business it is time for a suspicious woman to shut her eyes and run. It is not a new trick. It has been practiced by all the successful Lotharios since the world began; but no matter how old a woman may be, no matter how many pounds avoidpoids she may weigh, it always goes down. Most men seem to fancy that the last way to let a woman know that she is loved is by 'telling' her so. They will travel all around the subject in a circuitous route running from Cape

Horn to Labrador without ever touching on it. But an honest confession of love is good for any man's cause. It is a form of flattery that places him forever in a little niche in the wall of a woman's imagination and gives him a life ticket of admission to a cozy corner in her heart. Whether she wants to marry him or not, she can't help admiring his taste, feeling a little sorry for him—and wanting to "MOTHER" him.

But in the play Maria Rosa is off-date and goes right on refusing her lover long after every woman in the audience is ready to take him at the drop of a hat. This gives Mr. Tellegen an opportunity for his coup d'état and stunt number three—the "brute will" stunt. And he CAN play the brute—oh, how he can play the brute! All the finesse of his subtle love-making, all the tenderness of his courtship and caresses, roll into insignificance beside the savagery of his determination. He plays his last card—and what?

What card? The card that man has played successfully with women ever since the first savage stole the maiden of his choice and then dragged her three times around his tent by the back hair! The "I'll show you who is MASTER" card, which is the ace-high of the whole pack.

A man can win any woman in the world he wants if he has the pluck, the audacity, and the determination. Winning a woman is simply a matter of having the courage to snatch her figuratively speaking, of courses by the back hair and drag her three times around your tent. And when a man like that has finished, the savage, which still sleeps in his breast, will arise and call him "Master."

There you have the key to the successful ideal lover, real or stage, and also the key to Mr. Tellegen's fascination.

A Paragon.

Copyright 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. By EUGENE GEARY.

She treads in society's maze With a willow grace of a queen; On the links she excels All the rest of the belles In putting the ball over the green.

She's conversant with all the names That are hallmarks in classical lore— Catullus, Empedocles, Juvenal, Socrates, The alabaster grin—and some more.

She paints with precision and skill; Her brush lights the virginal page; She has also been known To sit still on her throne, As a queen on the amateur stage.

But, oh! 'tis in music divine She shines inexpressibly grand; For this more than uncouth Delightful young woman Can play the piano—by hand!

Capital Society Fashion Chatter

By JEAN ELIOT.

Street—I mean that part between Fourteenth and Eleventh streets—has become the select promenade.

Almost every pleasant morning one sees every one who knows. It is indeed like old times to see so many well-known fashionable society people out for a morning walk. It is good to see them, stopping every now and then to chat with one another. I have noticed that almost all of these smart women are carrying a walking stick. Not a trotter affair of the Alice Rossesvelt fame, but a good, snappy-looking cane, a trifle shorter and slimmer than the regulation man's stick. I have discovered the reason for this new fad in women's canes.

The fad is due to the lady's companion—Her Dog. Instead of going the unsightly, pulling bash as a means of command and obedience, this up-to-date lady has had her favorite walking pet trained to the cane. Her favored companion on the meandering walks, now trims along by her side with even step and absolute obedience.

Instead of a pull of the leash, it is a smart rap from Milady's cane, that Fit or Sats-sue must pay attention to. Some very clever trainer has at last compelled the engine of the aristocracy to obey.

It has been the talk recently among a privileged few of the use of wonderful carpets instead of Oriental rugs. Woman, always capricious about her own personal surroundings, seems to be even more so this season. Her demands at this moment are for carpets of thickness and texture of moss-like velvet. The colors must be always neutral. They must not only suit her fancy, blend with her furniture, but also her temperament.

By that I mean they must not cause one jarring impression of color scheme. For instance, the color of colors, Lady Caprice now does for the moment must not be spoiled by the color of the carpet upon which she stands or treads upon.

Every woman in society permitted to enter the private sitting room of one of our wealthiest matrons, cannot help but admire and envy her, her writing desk. This desk, the importation from the palace of a rajah in India, is indeed a rare piece of furniture.

It is a desk of old ivory inlaid with irregular pieces of pure silver. The beauty of this oddity is enhanced, if possible, by the fittings. They were designed by the owner and entirely original. Their beauty is rare and wonderful. They are made of purest alabaster mounted on exquisite gleaming mother of pearl, the chief beauty being the marvellous tinting of the alabaster in a delicate rose pink, the owner's favorite color. The alabaster is carved in a weird lotus flower design.

Through the permission of the owner, I understand, her most intimate friend is having the same fittings reproduced.

the only change being that the alabaster is tinted a lovely blue.

Some of the new riding crops are now mounted with large, thick handles of silver. These handles have developed into extreme usefulness while riding. The handles open out, and inside is to be found compartments for change, powder, rouge, cigarettes, and last, but not least, the ever necessary place for hairpins. The rider who may use this

utility crop finds greatest pleasure on her rides.

By the way, the keenest cross-country riders are wearing puttees over heavy laced boots. Of course, I am speaking of the sensible rider, who rides across puttees seem so safe for hard riding.

Something new in stockings for riding, skating and other exercises in cold weather, have been brought over from England by a well-known devotee of skating at Tuxedo. These stockings are woven of the finest soft and lustrous silk. However, the lining is their novelty and comfort. The sheerness, softness and warmth of the stockings is in the wonderful woven wool lining. I understand the Duchess of Westminster is the originator of this comfortable and desirable hose, particularly adaptable for skating and schooling purposes in Scotland.

A Mystery to Him.

The late John Allen, of Farmington, Me., was noted for his ready wit and cutting sarcasm. One day while walking down the street he slipped on some ice and fell. The Methodist minister of the town happened to be near, and helped the old man to his feet with the remark: "Sinners stand on slippery ground, don't they, John?"

"Yes," retorted Mr. Allen, "but I don't see how they do it."—Harper's Magazine.

There's a Reason For Aches and Pains

Often some unsuspected habit, such as coffee drinking, is the root of the trouble.

The average coffee drinker who suffers from sleeplessness, headache, indigestion, nervousness or heart trouble usually says, "Coffee doesn't hurt me," until some day Nature hauls him up with a jerk.

It's poor business to trade health and a clear brain for a few cups of coffee.

The pure food-drink

POSTUM

in place of coffee, has put many a man and woman on the Road to Wellville.

Postum is made of prime wheat and a small portion of molasses. It has a delicious Java-like flavor, but none of the drugs, "caffeine" and "tannin" which make coffee a health destroyer.

If your own judgment leads to a trial of Postum, for, say 10 days, and you begin to sleep soundly, digest food better, and your nerves get steady, these signs of returning health will show.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Postum now comes in two forms.

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder. A teaspoonful, stirred in a cup of hot water, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

Keep Your Ankles Trim

YOUR feet need as much attention as your hands, your complexion or your hair. The chief cause of turning the ankles is weakness of the muscles; if the trouble persists, too high heels should never be worn, and low shoes should be avoided as far as possible.

Of course, for dancing, slippers are a necessity, but wear the regular French shoe and not the conventional French slipper. As dainty as the crossed laces seem, the narrow satin ribbons do give a surprising amount of support to the ankle. The fact that the shoe is held firm gives much more grace to the foot and removes the strain upon the muscles.

We all know the tax it is upon our muscles as well as our nerves to try to walk in pumps that slip at the heel. To dance in the shoe that slips may do real injury to the feet.

An ill-fitting shoe will also increase any ankle trouble, so be careful that your exact number is always worn. If possible, wear only one particular make of shoe and always patronize the shop in which it was carried.

Find what height heel you can safely wear without turning your ankle, and never permit your vanity to increase the height a fraction, even for evening shoes.

The ankle can be strengthened by set exercises and massage twice a day. A little work in this direction will prove more worth while than a dozen pairs of shoes a year with patent protectors on the heels.

Sometimes the ankle bone is too small for the size of the body. Then, of course, there is small possibility of remedying the trouble beyond strengthening the muscles. This latter is quite essential.

An excellent ankle-strengthening exercise may be carried on at home. Sit in a chair of moderate height and rest the toe of one foot, without a shoe, on the floor with sufficient weight to prevent its shifting while moving the ankle muscles. Keep the knee as steady as possible; then move the heel from side to side with a rotary motion. This is not as hard to do as it sounds.

If this exercise is persisted in for five minutes night and morning, you will find that, after a few weeks, your ankles will not be quite so tired after your daily walk or on coming home from the dance. A brisk rub with alcohol after this exercise helps strengthen the tissues, making for the eventual improvement of the muscle.

Planting Seed.

Mr. A. Mrs. Jones were very proud and fond of their chickens. Great, therefore, was their consternation when, on coming down the other morning for their breakfast eggs, they noticed that a favorite hen was missing, relates Answers.

"It must have been stolen," said Jones. Just then he observed Brown of next door digging in his garden. Brown, who was a man of few words, was usually in bed at this hour, as Jones put his head over the wall. "Good morning! What are you working at so early in the day?" he asked suspiciously.

"Planting," "Planting what?" persisted Jones. "Seeds," said Brown. There was a snort from Jones, who had suddenly seen something. "Seeds?" he shouted. "Why, that's one of my fowls you're burying, you scoundrel!"

"That's all right—seeds inside!" said the laconic Brown, as he resumed his digging.

